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Notes from the Sick Room

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ple of last year's most capable and brilliant staff of editors, with "Truth" as our guide, with "Onward" as our watchword, and with God as our helper we shall not fail you.



Notes From the Sick Room

It seems as if the ill hand of Fate has rested very heavily on the Academy this year. But through it all we bow with reverence to Divine Omnipotence.

We were all saddened to hear of the death of Miss Ruth Smith, one of our last year's graduates. Miss Smith was one of the creditable students of the Academy, and beloved by all her fellow students and classmates. Stricken in the prime of youth, Miss Smith was cut off from a most useful career and it is with great sorrow that we mourn her lost.

We are glad to report that our beloved and fatherly Dean Cummings who has been ill for some time is now a convalescent and will shortly return to the duties to which he has devoted his life for the past twenty-eight years. As is characteristic of "Pop" as he is popularly known, all through his illness he never failed to inquire about his boys.

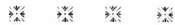
Our Professor Logan, the energetic General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., on account of illness had been occupying, for some time, a private ward in the Freedmen's hospital. We are glad to

learn that he has been discharged recently from that institution. The warm and friendly greeting that he has received is an indication of the students' appreciation of his personality and ability. After a week's rest, the active little physicist will be with us to assume his duties in the science building.

Prof. C. C. Robertson, who has been with us for the past two years as instructor of Algebra and Geometry, is also on the sick list. Professor Robertson is a typical Howard man with the Howard characteristic qualities of efficiency, love for his alma mater, his students and his work. We extend to him our heartfelt sympathy and sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery.

Mr. William A. Pollard, one of our graduates, who has been confined for several weeks in a most critical condition is now rapidly convalescing. Mr. Pollard is a member of the "famous class of 1911". While in the Academy he won the enviable name of "peerless debater", having won all the contests that he engaged in. He carried his good training and reputation into the College of Arts and Sciences and has kept it; for, although in the last contest Howard lost to Union, Mr. Pollard was universally conceded the best individual debater on the rostrum. We extend our best wishes for the quick return of Mr. Pollard to his usual good health.

Although somewhat expected, the death of Mr. John Lowe, one of our last year's Middlers, came as a shock to his classmates and friends. Mr. Lowe became ill during the early part of the second semester but refused to give up his studies until his illness had made fatal progress. He possessed intellectual ability to a marked degree and held the esteem and friendship of all who knew him. We mourn his loss and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives.



The Courting of Patronage

In all walks of life, there are to be found certain individuals who are by general consent, accorded precedence in all matters. They declare the styles, become the models of propriety in social affairs, and are the cynosures of a little coterie of dependents which surrounds them at all times. Too often these persons are unworthy of their following, and maintain the ascendancy only so long as another, greater and more worthy does not enter their kingdom. It is not their doing, however, that they are elevated to the position of "Dictator;" the little body of attaches takes care of that.

The fact that every person and everything is dependent upon some other person or thing by nature, does not mean that any one is to lose himself in another and become a sterile and inane satellite. Yet, there are those

who imitate the walk and manner and adopt the views of the more lordly, without attempt to cultivate the powers which they themselves possess and overlook. The appropriation of these characteristics makes them no more like the originals, than the imitators of celebrated "stars" become like the performers themselves. Instead, it converts them into mere hangers-on of society, who cannot act without the suggestions of others.

These unfortunates form a large class through our country, and are easy prey for the "Golden brick" schemes of the sharper, the fair promises of the politician, and the glittering utterance of the demagogue. Here, the half-enlightened and ingratiating mountebank establishes himself and feeds upon their follies. The moment an individual of doubtful talent catches an inspiration, he calls a convention, gives it to the world, and is proclaimed a hero. If his theory deals with religion, he sets up a new holy order, becomes a worthy High Priest and dies rich; if he is inclined to handle huge sums of money, he opens a bank and "misplaces" most of it before the institution falls to pieces. At any rate, he ceases hard work peremptorily, and proceeds to enjoy the luxuries which the "*vulgus populi*" provide with eagerness.

And why is all this self-effacement borne? Simply to be called a "good fellow", to be slapped